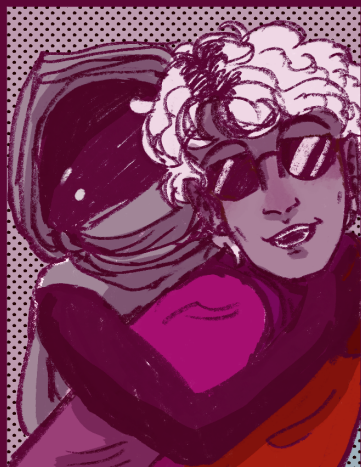




The background of the entire page is a repeating pattern of pink and yellow diamonds. Each pink diamond is slightly offset from a yellow diamond behind it, creating a 3D effect. The pattern is scattered across the entire page.

Thank you for downloading this zine!

*I'm so excited and proud to see this project succeed!
Thank you again to everyone who participated and
make sure to support all of our awesome creators!
They worked so hard and did such an awesome job!
I hope all of you will enjoy it just as much as I do!*

***Please respect the artists and DO NOT repost, print,
or sell the contents of this zine!***

- [SB]

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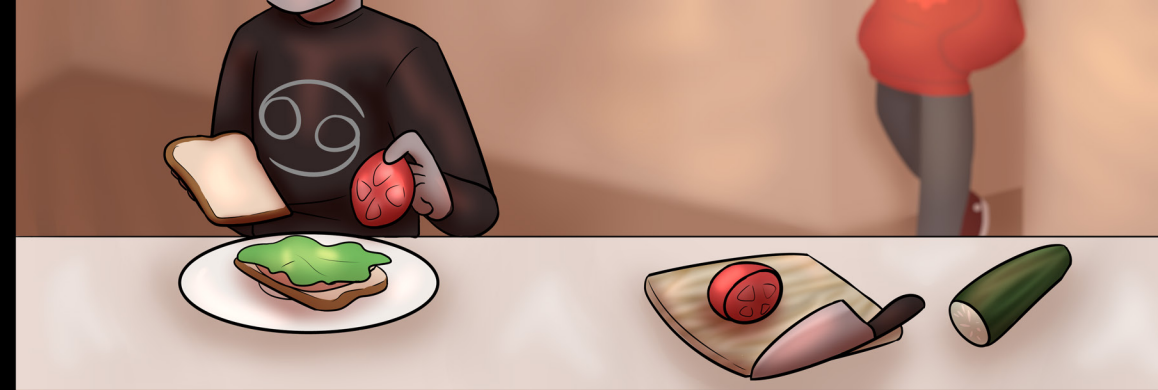




You were a little hesitant about Dave and Sollux moving in with you at first. You love them both, of course you do, and you were thrilled to get to have them around all the time instead of a couple of days a week. But, and you say this with all the affection and annoyance in the world... you've seen their respiteblocks. That shit would drive you more nuts than the biggest delivery truck at the peanut factory. Maybe you're just too accustomed to not having a lot of clutter around your hive. You grew up knowing not only that you had to be ready to run if shit went south, but also that shit could go very, very south at the drop of a hat. So you didn't keep a lot of trinkets or whatever around. Besides which, you just like a clean-looking room. You admit your taste in visual styles is very, very basic--your wardrobe reveals that easily--but you've never really cared that much.

Point being, in contrast to yourself, both your boyfriend and your moirail tend to leave their living spaces looking like a tornado recently came to visit and made itself at home. You didn't want that clash to cause problems in either of those relationships, so you were a little apprehensive.

Fortunately though, it hasn't been much of an issue. Since you only have the two rooms, you gave one to Sollux and let Dave share with you. That was apparently a good call: Dave knows how you like things, and he didn't bring everything he had with him, so he's been a lot better about keeping your shared room tidy than he used to be on his own. That's not to say it's spotless all the time, of course. It certainly looks "lived-in", as they say. But you can compromise. As long as



you're not tripping over the cables to his audio equipment and knocking five to ten preserved creature carcasses off the shelf on your way down, you're satisfied.

All this to say, despite your initial reservations, having both of your partners living with you has proven to be the best decision you've maybe ever made. It's so nice just to have someone around you can talk to for hours, or just curl up next to and sit in comfortable silence. Dave is really glad to feel like he isn't alone, and you're happy to make sure Sollux talks to people face-to-face literally ever. Sometimes you can even coax him out of the house for an afternoon.

This afternoon certainly was not one of them, though. You haven't seen Sollux since yesterday, and you don't think you've heard him either. Did he go somewhere without telling you, or is he being a recluse again? But if it was the latter, wouldn't he be coming out every now and then for food?

You poke your head into your respiteblock, where Dave is sat at his desk with his headphones on, probably working on a new song. "Hey Dave?" you call out.

He looks up from the screen and slides off one earcup. "What's up, Karkat? Itching to get your daily dose of auditory Strider greatness?" he asks with a grin.

"No--well, I'd be happy to take a listen later but that's not what I was

going to ask you. Have you seen Sollux today? Like, at all?"

"No... I'd figure you'd be more likely to run into him than I would. I've been sitting here for a couple hours, so maybe I just missed him, but..." He trails off, gesturing broadly to you. He knows you wouldn't be asking unless you were worried.

"I haven't seen hide nor hair of him since we got home yesterday. Remember, he popped out to tell us he was working on something so don't wait for him for dinner? And then he just disappeared again... If you haven't seen him either, then... Give me a second. I swear to gog if I'm right about this I'm gonna turn that bastard inside out."

Without elaborating, you turn around and leave, all but storming down the hallway to Sollux's door and shoving it open without knocking.

There he is, sitting at his computer surrounded by energy drink cans and random pieces of technology. He doesn't even look up when you say his name. He just stares blankly at his screen with a permanent scowl on his face, typing intermittently and then letting out a frustrated growl when whatever he's trying to do doesn't work.

You take a moment to melodramatically facepalm and then turn to head for the kitchen. Your moirail looks utterly exhausted and there's no evidence around that he's eaten sufficiently since last you saw him. You pull out a cutting board and a knife and get to work on making a balanced and sufficient meal that you will shove into his face yourself if you have to.

Either you're very noisy about it or Dave got confused when you didn't come back, probably both, because he comes out to join you in the kitchen. "Dave," you sigh when he comes in, "my moirail is a goddamn idiot."

"Hah, I could've told you that," Dave chuckles to himself. "Actually, we both tell him this on a regular basis, what else is new? They just invented this thing called agriculture, and experts say it's really gonna take off. Also recent reports indicate that the sun is bright. And--uh, but anyway, what in particular did he do stupid this time?"

"If he didn't have a moirail to remind him to take care of his flesh-suit he would have withered away into dust like a fallen leaf under a boot in the dead of winter," you tell Dave with absolute certainty. "I don't even think he slept, he didn't notice me when I opened the door. Which means he also definitely hasn't eaten, which means I need to snap him out of this hyperfocus state and force him to take care of himself before he fucking collapses at his desk. God, I thought I was getting him to be better about this! And you want to know the funny part, Dave? He was still sitting there trying to solve some problem or another and getting all irritated when it didn't work as if he hasn't been neglecting his own needs for the past twenty-four hours! Like, what the fuck did you think would happen when you haven't eaten and haven't slept and probably haven't even gotten up to go to the ab-lutionblock, you really expect your melted thinkpan to be running at full capacity when you're basically rotting away on the spot?" you rant as you toss ingredients into your pan and shove them around with a spatula with maybe a little more force than you mean to.

Dave doesn't seem to have much to say to all that. You weren't really looking for a response, you guess he recognizes that you just need to get it all out.

"I keep telling him, take breaks! Check in with yourself! Set alarms if you have to, but nothing I say seems to stick. I really didn't think I would need to do it for him but if that's what I have to do, then goddamnit I will, because one way or another he's got to take better care of himself even if he's dragged kicking and screaming the whole way!" You're on the edge of shouting now. You'd say you'd be



surprised if Sollux couldn't hear you but even if he can he's probably desperately trying to tune you out so he can focus.

"Breathe, Karkat," Dave reminds you.

"He's lucky I'm looking out for him like this or else Troll Charles Darwin would have come for his ass a long time ago--"

"Hey, whoa," Dave cuts in. "I'm sure he can manage himself just fine when push comes to shove."

"Yeah, I heard it as I said it," you sigh. "I didn't mean it like that."

"I know you didn't," Dave assures you, patting your shoulder gently.

"Maybe Sol's just having a rough time of it right now. He just needs a little help, that's all. Ain't nothing wrong with needing some help sometimes, right?"

You laugh dryly as you turn off the stove. "Sometimes I think you might be a better moirail than I am."

"Ha! Not sure about that one, what with all the being human and whatnot. But if that's the case, don't worry, there's no one I'd rather be palemates with than you." As you turn, Dave catches you with a quick kiss before he starts heading back out of the kitchen, then pauses again. "I'm not gonna tell you to stop worrying, because I know you won't stop. But, y'know... give yourself a little credit, huh? You and him both. From what you two have told me about the before-times, y'all are doing a hell of a lot better than you used to. You're both gonna be okay."

"Thanks, Dave. I think... I really needed to hear that."



"No problem." He gives you a thumbs up, then turns to go back to his desk.

As you start scooping freshly cooked meat and vegetables onto two bowls of rice, you think over what Dave said. He didn't mention it out loud, but you know he could tell you were afraid you were somehow failing as a moirail. But it's true that you and Sollux have come a long way from the chaotic six-sweep-olds you used to be, scared of the world and taking it out in the form of anger, often directed at each other because neither of you could stand to see the ways the other reminded you of yourselves. You've been through a lot, and you were separated for a long time, but now that you have Sollux around again and you're both no longer trapped in a society that would seek to destroy you, you've had a lot of time to calm down, mellow out, and learn to take care of yourselves and each other. And that doesn't mean it's going to be perfect all the time. There will always still be ups and downs, but you can be there for each other when things get rough and help each other get back up. And... isn't that the whole point of being moirails?

You come back through Sollux's door without knocking again, this time with two bowls in hand. You step right up to his desk and just hold out one bowl in front of him.

"What's this?" Sollux asks, finally taking his eyes off his computer screen to examine your offering.

"This is me knowing it must have been way too long since the last time you ate," you answer. "I'm similarly afraid to ask about your sleep situation, but I'll do it anyway. I know you mentioned you didn't sleep well the night before last, so how was last night?"

"Uh. When... is now?" Sollux accepts your gift and takes a bite as he glares at the clock on his husktop. "Oh... fuck."



"Yeah. 'Oh fuck' is right," you say sharply, then sigh. Being mean about it won't help. Your tone softens as you ask, "You didn't sleep at all, did you?"

"I may have lost track of time," he admits. "There was just this one thing I couldn't figure out and of course hours of researching the problem turns up nothing. But I didn't want to just leave it and lose my train of thought, I didn't realize it had been that long."

"So where is said train of thought now?" you ask suspiciously, trying not to let the shit-eating grin creep onto your face.

Sollux gives you an unamused look. "You know what," he starts. "It's gone. I don't remember what I was doing."

"You know what's a good way to fix that, don't you?"

"Augh. Yes, I know, KK--"

"It's to feed your rotting thinkpan and get some fucking rest!"

"Yes, I KNOW, KK," Sollux repeats, playfully shoving you in the shoulder and returning to his meal. "...This is good."

"Why thank you, I made it just for you, you lovable disaster," you tease gently. "Really though, are you sure you're okay? It's been awhile since... the last time you..."

"I really did just lose track of time," he insists.

"Sollux," you say, but your tone says more. *Please don't pretend to be okay if you aren't, I'm worried about you and I want to help.*

He evidently hears your intent loud and clear. He looks away, down at his hands instead of meeting your gaze. "I did," he insists. "But it was

because I wanted to just work instead of think."

"Think about what?"

"Everything, I guess. I dunno, it's dumb. I've just been feeling kind of..." He trails off, at a loss for words. "Man, fuck you for being right. I can't remember half the words I know, my thinkpan is so fried." He sighs and tries again. "I'm just worried that I'm... not doing enough, or something."

"Like, in general, or...?"

"I mean. Sometimes I feel like I don't really have a place, or whatever, I mostly just hang around you and Dave, or Aradia when she's around. But I don't really care about being social, I'm more worried that I'm not..." He stops again. Whatever's bugging him is clearly hard for him to admit.

"Not what?" you press.

"Not... pulling my weight, I guess. I mean with you." His voice is tight, like he's forcing the words out. "You're always doing things for me, taking care of me... things just like this!" He gestures broadly to the two of you and your meal when he says that. "You're the best moirail I could have asked for, KK, and I just feel like I'm not returning the favor. God, I don't even have the decency to remember the things you told me to take better care of myself. I'm such a mess, I don't know how you put up with me."

You bite down on the sassy quip that comes to mind first, instead saying, "Hey, it's okay to slip sometimes. We can't all have our shit together all the time. And, sure, sometimes I bitch when you forget what I told you or whatever, but it's just because I'm worried about you, not mad at you! I don't want to see you get hurt, or to hurt yourself, and it just makes me scared and frustrated when the things I do



and say don't magically fix everything. I'll admit that's a problem for me. But I swear I'm not mad at you. And I'd never think you weren't enough. You're my best friend, my oldest friend, and I'm so, so happy and grateful that I get to be your moirail. You know that, right? I wouldn't trade you for anything."

He snorts. "I'd trade you for one corn chip."

You can't help but grin. "There he is." You pull him into a tight hug, and he doesn't resist. "You feeling better now that you've eaten?" you ask and feel him nod against your shoulder. "Good, I'm glad. ...Hah, you know, I'm thrilled you think I'm the best moirail you could ever have."

"God, you're never gonna let go of that, are you? Hey, I'm very tired, my mind couldn't filter out what not to say," he protests jokingly.

"Nuh-uh, no take-backs!" you laugh. "But seriously, though, I'm really glad you think that. I was honestly kind of thinking the same thing you were, that I wasn't enough, that I was failing you somehow..."

"What? No, KK, don't ever think that!" He pulls back a bit to look you in the eye but doesn't take his hands off your shoulders.

"I think it often, actually," you admit. "But Dave talked some sense into me. I don't know how he knows exactly what I need to hear. I mean, a lot of the time he also knows approximately one hundred thousand things that I don't need to hear but end up hearing anyway. But, y'know. With a range like that, I guess statistically he's bound to land on the exact right thing. If you ever change your mind about me, I think he'd make an amazing moirail."

"Noted," Sollux teases.

"Wow, okay. Just leave me behind immediately, I see how it is!" you joke back. "Hey, if you're done eating, you know what happens now, right?"

"Huh?" he says, but you think it's more because you changed the subject so quickly and not because he doesn't know.

"Now you have to sleep!" you announce cheerfully.

"Aww, but I don't wanna let go of you..." he pretends to whine.

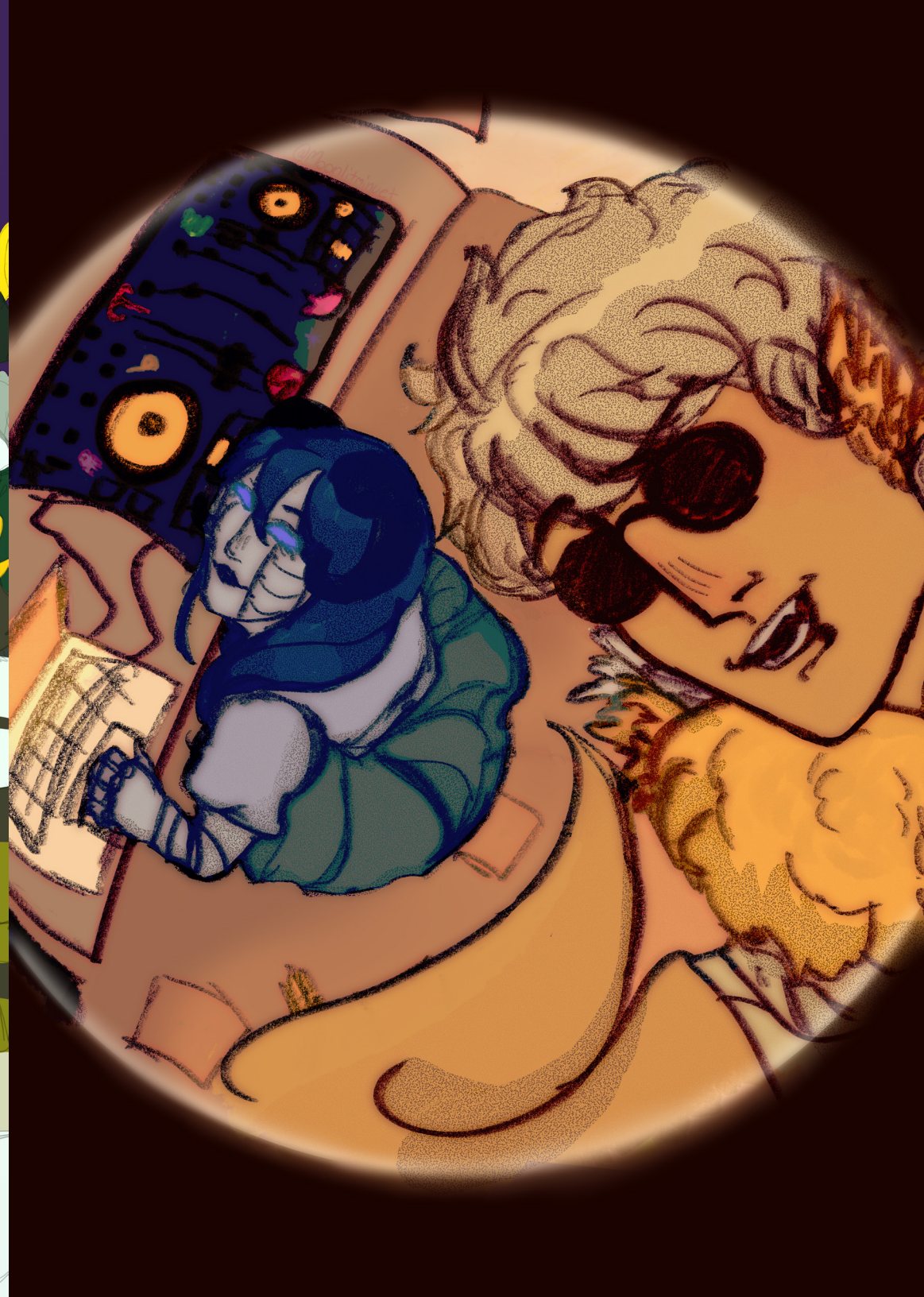
"You want me to carry you to the loungeplank?" you ask, knowing the answer will be yes. He nods, so you scoop him up with relative ease and bring him out to the living room. You set him down first and then sit, letting him use you as a pillow and holding his hand as he relaxes in your comfort and slowly but surely drifts to sleep.







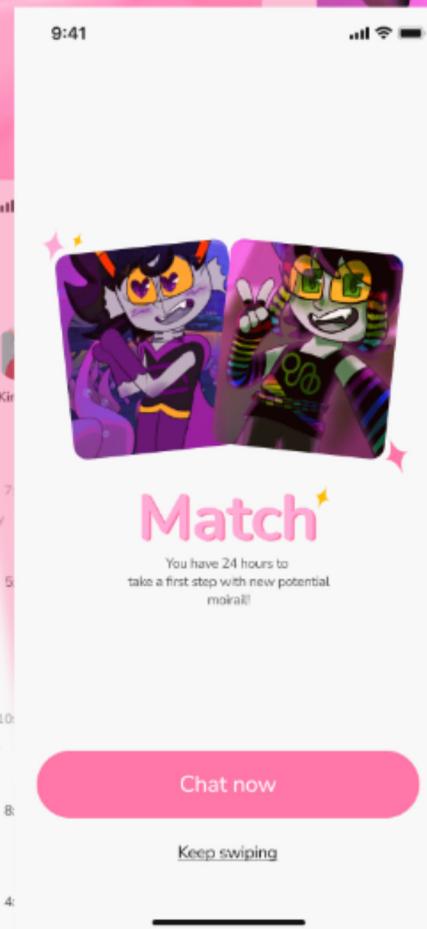
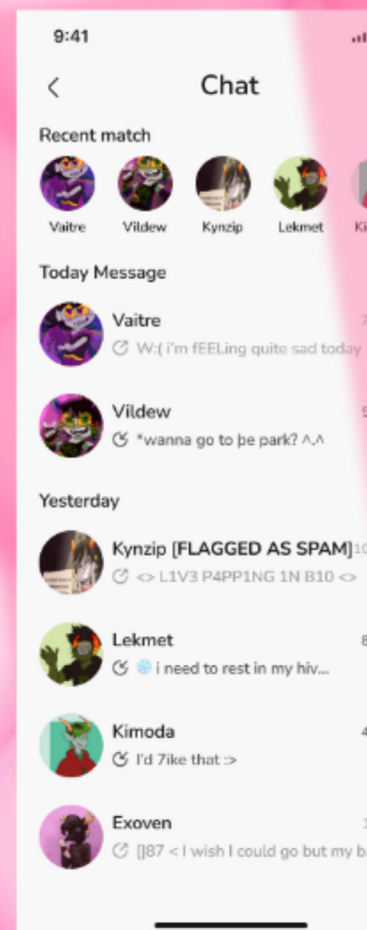






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Downloadable Add-ons

By: Harper



Matching &
Unmatching Avatars

By: Oliver



By: Andy



By: M0rb1dspade

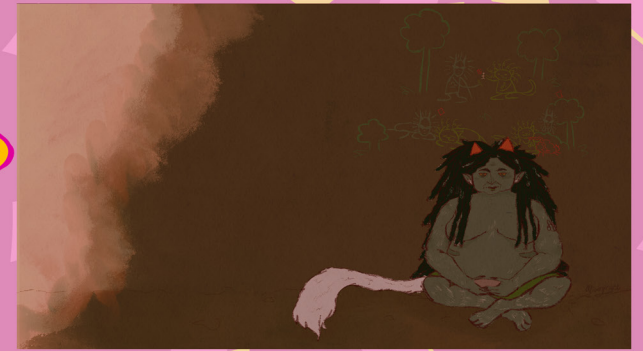


By: [SB]



Desktop
Backgrounds

By: Oliver



By: Pema



Phone
Backgrounds

By: Pema



epe_illustrate

Downloadable Add-ons

By: Pema



Valentines!!!

To: _____

I can always count on you
to have my back.
Will you continue
being my Moirail?

From: _____

To: _____

You encourage me at my best
and sooth me at my worst.
I could not ask
for a better Moirail.

From: _____

To: _____

If you weren't here,
I'd probably kill everyone.
Thanks.

From: _____

To: _____

You are my guiding light
Thank you for being my Moirail.

From: _____

To: _____

There's no one I'd
rather have my back
Will you be my Moirail?

From: _____

Credits

The Awesome
Artists/Writers



M0rb1dspade
m0rb1dspade
m0rb1dspade
m0rb1dspade



Pema

pe_illustrator
pemaiillustrate



Nova
jeevikweek
intergoatlactic



Oliver/Saph
sapphiregrace139
candycorncremator
olivergrace139



Sprig
spriggiestuff
(pretty much
everywhere)



Salem
catgirlweed
x_clownenergy_x



Andy/Bambi

<http://linktr.ee/andyartistics>



Giorno
dirkjaked



Jester
mirthfljester



Harper/KK
dualitysdownfall
ghostedglitch



Mewdusa / Malerie
doctormpractice



mewdusa(spacehey)



Ash
Johnstrider
girlpire (on
everything else)



Credits

The Awesome
Artists/Writers



Jax!



Jimposts



Jaxydraws

Jonaya Riley
JonayaRiley



Dal/WildCard



DalastorRadio
DalastorRadio

Horror / Pike
h0rrorh3rmit



horrorHermit/(wr3ck0rdz)



Phoenix



moonlit-minuet

Caleb

falseconductor



Ace/Splickedy/Splickedylit



splickedylit



Splickedylit

Sylvester
dirkdash



Zine Mod
or whatever



[SB] / Serpents / Rhys



serpentsBreakdown



21



BrainwashFalls

Almost
Forgot to
add self to
credits

really
dumb

Dancing with Diamonds

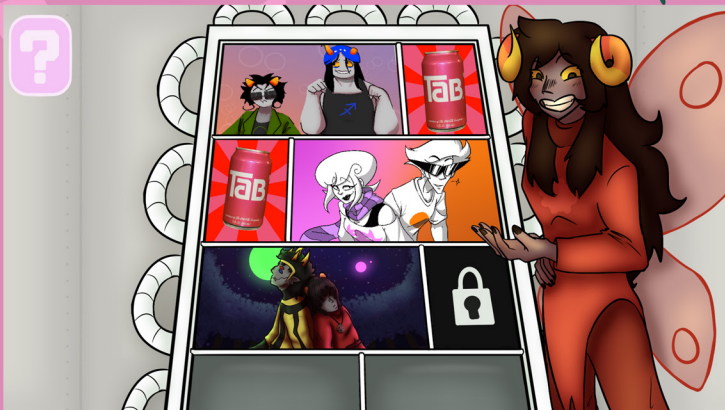
Prologue & Epilogue By: [SB]

That too

Programming By: Jonaya

Best coding

Amazing
Stuff



Art: [SB]



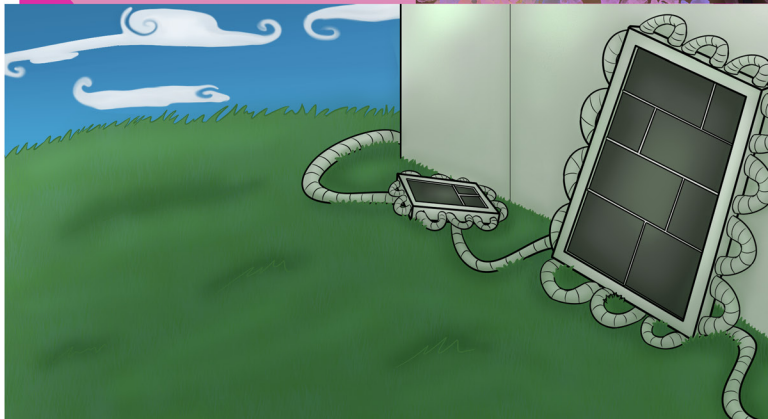
Cans of
Pale Apples

Music

carte_du_jour
By: Horror

Moirfails
Morails4Eves
By: Oliver

Best music
ever



Diamond Cookies at Tea Time

Writing By: Jax!

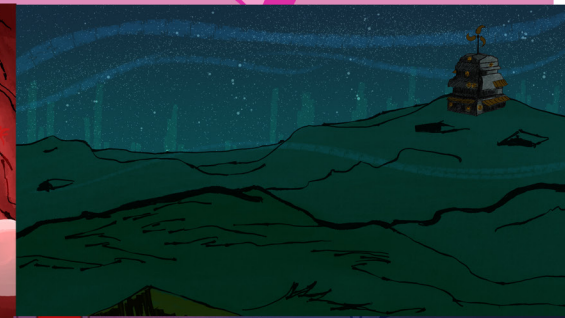
Selection Image
By: Salem



Sprites By: Nova



End Cards By: Salem



Backgrounds
By: Pheonix



Music
Endless_Paw-sibilities
By: Horror



Of Legends Echoed & Embraced

Writing & Interactive Images By: [SB]



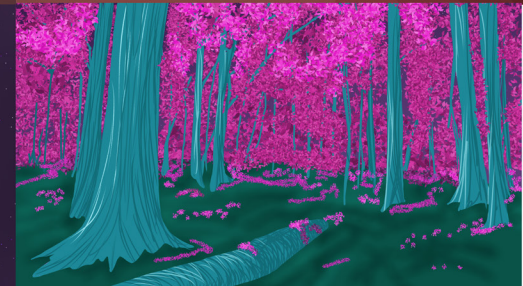
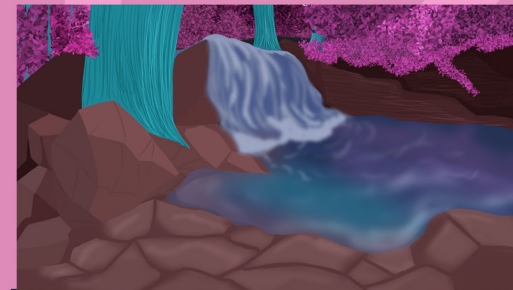
Sprites
By: Ash



Music:
Beatitude
By: Horror



Backgrounds By: Caleb

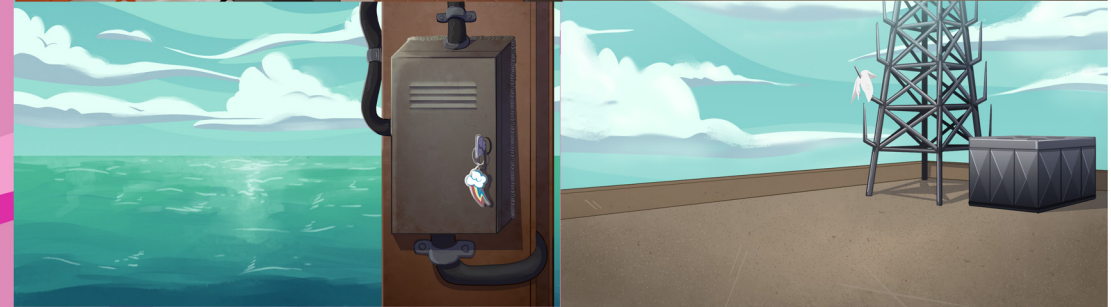


Of Meowcats and Existential Dread

Writing By & Minigame Graphics: Jonaya
Selection Image & Sprites By: DalastorRadio

Music
CAT_Cybernetic_Android_
Technology
End Cards By: By: Horror
Sylvester & Sprig

Backgrounds By: Sprig



← Sprig

